

RICHMOND TERMINAL

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NO. 24.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Myself did make my yesterday.
And this I truly know,
To all my morrows I shall bring
Their store of joy or woe.

Each cup these lips of mine shall drink
It shall be filled by me;
For every door that I would pass,
These hands must hold the key.

If even on yonder shining height
A larger life I own,
Though thro' my brain, though ache my feet,
Its slope I climb alone.

No more along a darkened way,
I, doubting, blindly go;
No more I shame my soul with fear,
Nor yet with yearning hope.

But knowing this that I do know,
And seeing what I see,
I rest in this great certainty—
All may be well with me.

—Harper's Bazaar.

When Carlin Came Back

The gray-haired stranger alighted from the morning train and looked about him. The stationmaster was lounging near.

"My friend," said the stranger, "I want to ask you a question or two about this place, if you can spare the time."

"Go ahead," said the stationmaster, as he leaned against a packing case. "What's your line?"

"My line?" repeated the stranger. "What do you mean?"

"Show business? Drumming?"

The stranger shook his head.

"Nothing of that sort," he replied. "I've heard about this place. I may stay here for a while."

"The Halcyon House is a pretty good hotel," said the stationmaster. "If you're looking for style, though, you'll go to the Penobscot."

The stranger was about to ask a question, then he hesitated.

"I am looking up some old law matters," he said. "Who is the county prosecutor?"

"County prosecutor? Why, it's young Joe Carlin."

The stranger suddenly started.

"Carlin?" he repeated.

"Yes. Fine young fellow. We lectured him last spring. Old Squire Dedham ran against him. Pretty close, too. Some folks thought Joe was too young—and some folks remembered that his father wrecked a bank here when Joe was a kid, and skipped. But of course Joe ain't to blame for that."

"No," said the stranger. "Where is his office?"

"Straight up Main street. It's just opposite the opory house. Court ain't settin' now."

"Thank you," said the stranger, as he moved away. The stationmaster watched him cross the platform.

"He ought to see a doctor, 'stead of a lawyer," he muttered. "But nobody he wants to make his will."

The stranger walked slowly, as if in no hurry to reach his home. He had brought him to Arlington. He leaned heavily on his cane and stooped a little as he walked. As he passed along, his keen eyes looked from right to left, and from time to time he slowly shook his head.

He paused when he reached the opera house and looked across the street. There was the sign he sought. "Joseph Carlin, Attorney at Law." He stared at it a moment and then crossed to the other side. Slowly he ascended the stairs and sought the office door. It was a little ajar. He pushed it open and entered the room.

A man was sitting at an office table near the window. He was a man of 30, dark haired and clear eyed. He looked up as the stranger entered. He looked at the stranger.

"Are you Joseph Carlin?"

"Yes."

"Prosecuting attorney of this county?"

"Yes."

The stranger came a little nearer. The light fell on his gray head and his worn face.

"I have come here," he slowly said, "to give myself up."

The younger man stared at him.

"What do you mean?"

"There is an indictment here against me—an old indictment. His head suddenly dropped. "I am Ezra Carlin."

The younger man gave a sudden gasp. "My father?"

He pushed his chair back and came forward quickly and gave the stranger's hand a hurried clasp. "Sit here," he said, and drew him to a seat by the table. His face was pale, but his voice was steady. He did not resume his seat, but stood a little at one side, looking down at the older man.

"I know this is an unwelcome shock to you, Joseph," said the stranger, very slowly. "It isn't often that a prodigal father returns to a virtuous son—and no prodigal father could deserve a welcome less."

The younger man turned, and, going to the door, looked it.

"I do not forget that you are my father," he said, as he turned back. "Why have you come here, and what can I do to help you?"

The old man raised his head.

"I have not come to ask mercy," he said. "You know the miserable story. I was the trusted banker of the pillage. In a moment of recklessness I

speculated and lost, and lost again and again. All my own money was swept away, and with it went the greater part of the money I held in trust. When I knew the crash would come I ran away. I have saved absolutely nothing. I had to work here and there in order to get the means to carry me out of the country. No doubt it was this that baffled the pursuing officers. Finally I got away and tried to commence life over again. I had deserted you, but there were those who would not see you went. I was sure of that. I did not dare to write, for fear it would furnish a clue to my whereabouts. Finally, I thought it better to let you think me dead. He paused and moistened his lips. "I strove hard, but I did not succeed. Fortune shined me I struggled on. Five years life was a hand-to-mouth existence, and then—He paused again. "And then I decided to come here where I committed my crime and make my expiation." He looked up at the set face of the younger man.

"I'm sorry you came," the latter murmured.

"I am not sorry," said the old man, quickly. "I'm glad. My mind is free. I'm glad, too, that it is into your hands that I can commit myself. There is work to be done, and I will help you."

"I do not understand you," said the younger man.

The old man drew himself up.

"I have come back," he said, "to do penance and so far as lies in my power, make amends. I mean to return the money I squandered."

"Return it?"

"Yes."

"It is a large sum," said the younger man, quickly.

"It should be paid, principal and interest, every dollar of it."

The son stared at his father.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"I rely upon you to find the list, the books, they must be somewhere. You will find them and we will figure out what is due. I am in your custody, remember. When this business is settled, I will ask for my punishment."

"Do you mean this?" the young man demanded.

"Every word of it," he drew a long breath. "I am tired of the burden. I have carried it too long. I want to be free from it. You need not fear that I will run away. When the time comes I will be here." He looked up anxiously. "Tell me that you think I am doing right."

"You are doing right," said the young man, slowly. He paused a moment. "If you are still of the same mind, I will bring the books and papers here."

"I know where they are stored."

"Yes, yes," said the old man eagerly. "Let us begin." His tones suddenly changed. "Wait," he called across the room. "I cannot pay the debt. His voice broke, his head dropped. "But the living shall have it every dollar, every dollar."

And so this strange companionship began. The old man and the younger one worked side by side. Day and night they toiled over the dusty books. No tokens of affection passed between them. They were merely fellow accountants. There were times when they worked in silence for hours.

The old man resumed at the hotel, where he was known by the name he had long borne. Robert Gilman. No one had recognized him. Those who might have guessed his identity had passed away.

One night the young man pushed back from the table. He had a slip of paper in his hand.

"The total is a large one," he said.

"How much?" the old man asked.

"There were 325 depositors when—when the bank closed. The total amount due them is \$67,275.35."

He looked around at the old man.

"We will begin filling out the checks tomorrow," the latter said. "The money is in the bank. There was a relief at once. "I am glad that this work is so near the end." He waited, but the young man made no response. "You are glad, too, I think."

"Yes," said the young man, wearily.

The old man looked at him more closely.

"I have lost the right to question you concerning your private affairs," he said. "But I know that your mind is distressed. Answer me this, has my coming changed some plan you had formed, has it interfered with some hoped-for happiness?"

"To-morrow," said the young man, "we will begin making out the checks." The old man looked at his son yearningly. Then he shook his head.

"I think I understand what has happened," he said. "Good night."

The next morning Ezra Carlin stood at the door of a pretty cottage on a shaded side street. The door was opened by a young woman who looked at him inquiringly.

"I—I came from Joseph Carlin," he said. "May I have a little talk with you?"

A deep flush crossed the fair face.

"Come in," she said. She took him

into the little parlor and gave him an easy chair.

"Let me say what I have to say in my own way," he began. "I have found out that some shadow has come between you and Joseph Carlin. Wait, please. It is a shadow that threatens to wreck his happiness, perhaps yours. He is proud, he feels that something has happened that will disgrace his good name, a name that he cannot ask you to bear."

The girl was looking away. The flush had faded from her cheeks.

"Why do you say this to me?" she faintly asked.

"Because I want you to understand what my what Joseph Carlin means when he talks of an impending disgrace. I can tell you this because I am the cause of all his trouble."

"You?"

"Yes. I am Joseph Carlin's father."

She stared at him in amazement.

"I thought his father was dead."

"Better so, perhaps, but I am Ezra Carlin."

"But why?"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"I see you do not remember. Years ago, when you were a little girl, there was a bank here in Arlington. The banker speculated, the bank was wrecked, the depositors lost their money, the banker ran away and he never was captured."

"I remember now," she said.

"I am that banker. I am Ezra Carlin."

"Why are you here?"

"My conscience has driven me back. I am here to pay that debt of shame—every dollar. Then I will give myself up for punishment. I have come here and told you this because it is not fair that the sin of the father should be visited on the son. I beg you will let him do nothing rash. Oh, do not wreck your lives because of me."

The girl looked at him.

"I am very sorry," she softly said. "I see you have suffered—and you will pay back all that was lost. Joseph is wrong. It happened so long ago. You are Joseph's father. He must not forget that." She put one her slim hand.

He caught it between his own.

"God bless you," he said, a little brokenly.

"I thank you for coming and telling me this," she said. "I am glad to know the truth. Joseph has no good excuse for casting me aside. He shall know it when we meet again."

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "Tell him plainly. Make him listen to you. He is proud, but his pride must not stand in the way. And you do not despise me."

"No," cried the girl. "I remember now that I heard my father telling that a certain neighbor owed him money which he would have paid if the bank hadn't failed. My father needed the money. It was a great hardship to him to be deprived of it. Yet I know that he forgave you. Then why should the daughter of that father, a daughter who has taught to forgive without her hand from the father of the man she has promised to marry?"

There were tears in the old man's eyes as he turned to go.

Father and son were busy men the next day, busy with the checks that were to be mailed to the living depositors of the bank and to the heirs of the dead depositors. It was a task that could not be hurried. There were the names to be checked and the checks to be filled and the addresses to be written. But presently the task neared completion.

"I am a little tired," said the old man. "I think I will go out into the open air. Have no fear. I will soon return." He came back after a little while, and the young man pointed to the pile of addressed envelopes that only needed stamps to start them on their way to depositors.

"In half an hour," said the young man, "they will all be gone."

Ezra Carlin nodded.

"And then," he said, "I will take my punishment."

The young man turned and looked up at him. Despite the fatigue in eyes, despite the gray locks and the weary face, the two men were bound alike in both features and expression.

"Let us hear no more of that," he harshly said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are not to stand trial for that almost forgotten offense. You are old, you are ill, you have suffered sixteen years of punishment, you have made all the amends in your power. It is enough."

"But there are indictments and charges against me. I want to plead guilty to them."

"You cannot, you shall not. There are no charges against you, no indictments. I have had them all nulled."

The old man stared at him. His lips quivered.

"Is this right, son?"

"Yes, it is right," said the young man, harshly, and suddenly turned away.

"Then," said the old man, "I am going back to the place I came from—to the land of flowers and sunshine. I cannot stay here. I have no desire to stay."

The young man turned.

"You cannot go alone," he said. "You are ill. You need a companion's care. I have resigned my office. There is nothing to keep me here. I am going with you."

The old man gave a low cry. The younger man suddenly put out his strong right hand and grasped his father's thin one.

"My son!" murmured Ezra Carlin.

"We will go at once, father. Just you and me."

"And Agnes?" said the old man, still holding fast to his son's hand.

And at the name, the girl of the cottage came swiftly from the outer hall and caught the old man's other hand.

"And you will take me, too, Father Ezra," she said. "Will you, in Cleveland Plain Dealer."

AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing that Stroh-schneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Stroh-schneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it."

"Stroh-schneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon."

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Stroh-schneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began."

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Stroh-schneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another."

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked."

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head."

The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes."

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

OLD RABBITS.

There is in Dulverton an aged back man, popularly known, presumably in reference to his equally aged and far from very white horses—as "Old Rabbits." He is so very venerable that a visiting stranger casually suggested to a resident, a dignified elderly gentleman at the head of a leading industry, that probably the old man would soon retire.

"Retire?" exclaimed his hearer in dismay. "Never! His place couldn't possibly be filled. Do you suppose any middle-aged success as Xenius, speak of my grown daughters as the girls, and nail me from my doorway by the name of Johnny with a request to take half of one cent of my own trunk and help ease me to rest? I don't want to go to school over quite grow up, has sometimes, most brought him to proof, but never quite."

"My dear, I couldn't," one stately matron, present, addressed as Rosies, confessed as she glared north. "I speak my mind, and then I look at him and say it up again. Who am I to teach manners to Rip Van Winkles?"

But Old Rabbits has his own dignity, if he does not always recognize other people's.

"You tell Winnie Fred I ain't a comin'," he drawled with deliberate decision to the messenger, on being told that a certain village girl, athletic and fond of exercise, wished him to call in time for the morning train. "She's put her trunk aboard me and then walked the last three times I ben for her, and I ain't a comin' again. I don't harness up my team to tote trunks to trains. I exaltate to drive folks. You run right along home, sonny, and tell Winnie Fred I say so."

Winifred, unwilling to hurt the old man's feelings, hastily turned back, word that she as well as her trunk, expected to be drawn to the station the next day, and on that assurance Old Rabbits condescended to appear and convey them. Youth's Companion.

No Cause for Complaint.

"Say," complained the man, "nearly all the buttons are off this shirt of mine."

"Yes," replied his indolent wife, with a yawn. "It's supposed to be a negligee shirt, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, if all the buttons were on, it wouldn't be nearly so negligee,"—Philadelphia Press.

Opposites Often Wed.

"Miss, you are a hidden. Nobody will ever care to marry a bolsterous girl."

"Don't worry, mother. I'll find some nice, glistorous boy."—Kansas City Journal.

A widow never claims that the late lamented's demise was due to over work.

Some men fail to hit the target of success because they aim too high.

PROVING IT.

Novel Solution May Be Applied to "Any Annoying Affair."

Genevieve was on her knees before the fireplace, poking furiously at a smoldering log, when the door opened behind her. Without turning her head, she muttered:

"The more I think of it, the meaner Ethel seems. Wait till it's her turn to entertain the club next month. I'll invite all the pleasant girls to the matinee, and how'll she like that? With a final angry thrust at the log, she stood up, and found herself facing her mother's guest, Miss Moore."

"O, Miss Moore!" she exclaimed, in embarrassment. "I never dreamed that was you."

"Then I'm not to answer the question?" Miss Moore asked, with a twinkle.

Genevieve hesitated. She was not ashamed of her temper, but she was ashamed of having shown it before Miss Moore.

"I'm going to tell you the whole thing," she said, impulsively. "You know our club meets once a month, and we girls take turns entertaining. Next week is my turn, and here Ethel tells me she can't come because she has invited company for that day. And her company is made up of the nicest girls in our club. There will be just a few stupid ones to come here. Now do you blame me for wanting to pay her back?"

"I'm not sure. We should have to prove it," Miss Moore said, thoughtfully.

"Prove it?"

"Yes; like arithmetic, to see whether the answer is right. You know, to prove an example in subtraction you add, after subtracting, and in division you multiply, after dividing. Proving is turning your work round and doing it the opposite way. I never felt quite safe about my conduct until I've proved it."

"But how can you prove this?"

"Easily. Here's your example: Ethel invites the nicest members of your club to her house on the day when they should meet with you. The answer you get is that you will invite the nicest girls away from her when it's her turn to have the club. Now to prove it you must turn the whole thing round. You mustn't cheat or leave out any figures. You must be Ethel, and honestly look at it from her side. Ethel, why did you choose that particular afternoon for your company?"

"Oh! Well," Genevieve admitted, after an instant's blank pause, "it will be my brother's birthday."

"Only one?"

"I see. But why did you have to ask the club girls, and spoil Genevieve's afternoon?"

"It was hard for Genevieve—but she was honest. They're favorites of his," she said, very slowly. "Her singing and play. He's a scribble and can't go out."

"Oh!" said Miss Moore. "I wonder why you didn't invite Genevieve?"

"I did," Genevieve answered, flushing scarlet. "I wanted her to post some the club but—"

"But?"

"She flashed out at me like a little scorpion, and said I'd planned it to spoil her meeting and—"

"That's monstrous, sonny," Ethel, Miss Moore broke in. "But what was the matter with that example? How did you work it out now?"

"These never mind, Miss Moore," Genevieve said, quickly. "It doesn't prove at all. I'll work it in to prove a hurry. I'll do it over, and get the right answer now, though, and I'll leave it to you." Youth's Companion.

NO SYNONYM FOR IT.

Our Language the Only One that Truly Defines Home.

In no other language, according to the London Telegraph, is there a word expressing the ideas and associations which are aroused at the sound of the simple yet heart-touching word "home." A Frenchman once translated Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and in its hands the beautiful line, "The night is dark, and I am far from home," became "La nuit est sombre, et je suis loin de mon foyer." The translator, after having been obliged to use for home the French word which describes the greenhouse of a theater.

The Italian and Spanish words for the German "home," their "heim," is too general to have any particular value, and the Russian "doma," all refer to a building of some kind or other, and have none of the memories and associations that cluster round the precious British word.

In one case a seaman named Purvis, of Newport, South Wales, saved the Straits of Dover Steamship Company for his fare from Antwerp to his home, a sum amounting to a little over six dollars. The whole question turned on the meaning of the word. Under the act, shipowners are bound to pay sailors their passage "home," and the defendants, who discharged the crew at Antwerp, offered Purvis his fare to Harwich. The sturdy tar refused to accept it because his "home" was at Newport, hence the action. The defendants contended that "home" meant country, and therefore Purvis was at home anywhere in England. According to the nautical ballad, a sailor's "home" is on the rolling deep, but that is only poetical, the prosaic legal one being the place where he joined the ship. Consequently Purvis's interpretation was right, and judgment was given in his favor.—The Scrap Book.

No one wants you to come and see him as much as he pretends he does.



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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1908.

If you have any news, current and departure

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UNION LABEL

Hon. William Jennings Bryan is

the Democratic nominee for President

of the United States and John

W. Kern for Vice President.

Mr. Tweedmore poked his

proposals into Contra Costa county

politics. Better clean your San

Francisco grafters, Mr. Tweedmore.

What does Union Labor think

of a gentleman, who holds the

high and most exalted position of

Judge, hurl slams at them?

How did the Union Labor party

of Contra Costa county like the

slams given it by the Hon. Wm.

Wells, Judge of the Superior

Court?

The Board of City Trustees are

relieving our people of the dust

by the wonderful operations of

the city street-sprinkler. Thanks

for the comforts.

The Standard Oil Company is

not in politics. Its men vote as

they choose and its employees do

the same. No intimidation is al-

lowed and union labor is respect-

ed according to its true value.

Smoke this.

The victory of the "ring" on

the protected, mandatory primary

is not a great victory, when it is

considered that the schemes for

the primary were hatching for

weeks or months duration and,

while the anti-ring forces had

only a few days to prepare for

the device.

At the meeting of Stege Dis-

trict Republican Club Monday

night the Hon. William Wells,

Judge of the Superior Court of

Contra Costa county, when he

was a resident of Oakland direct-

ed several slams at the Union La-

bor party when he referred to it

as Brown's party.

Law Carried by 112.

Tuesday was a battle in Contra

Costa county over the Primary

Law of 1901, the election for

which was called by the Board of

Supervisors for July 7, by a peti-

tion of a large number of voters of

Contra Costa county, and a larger

number of these thinking they

were signing for a direct primary

law. The returns show decisive

majorities in the greater number

of precincts against the Primary

Law of "ring" power and boss

domination, while the "ring" car-

ried a few of the precincts over-

whelmingly, having consolidated

their strength on two or three

precincts to get results. With the

returns from all the precincts but

three, unofficial returns show a

majority for the "mandatory"

primary by only twenty, and at 10

p. m., Tuesday night, one of those

precincts is reported overwhelm-

ingly against the mandatory pri-

mary. It will take the official re-

turns to make certain all doubts

in the matter, and this marks the

end of the greatest campaign, in

a few days' run, probably in the

history of Republican politics in

Contra Costa county. Taking into

consideration that the obstructed

plans of the "Ancient Order of

the Court House Ring," which has

been in power for fourteen years,

and have a burning desire to ap-

parently perpetuate themselves in

office for life tenure in Contra

Costa county, who were having

under consideration for weeks and

perhaps months, the foisting upon

to the shoulders of the people the

1901 Primary Law, by suddenly

springing the same upon the peo-

ple of this county, on short no-

vice, with no opportunity for de-

fense, the Anti-Ring forces have

made a strong united fight against

the corrupt "bosses" in Contra

Costa county and the victory, if

victory it proves to be, is a pain-

ful one—for it in no wise makes

secure the tenure of office of any

official in the court house of Con-

tra Costa county, where heavy

shortages to the amount of nearly

\$50,000 exist, with no effort of

prosecution of the guilty ones,

who may be parties to strong cri-

ticisms of official incompetency,

or even official integrity. These

officials, who are upon the painful

tomb of the popular ballot in

Contra Costa county and those who

are clinging to the live craft of

the Lincoln-Roosevelt League

which is being used by a few

ringers in Contra Costa county

and their misad followers who do

not know the difference between

a principle of the sacred Lincoln-

Roosevelt League and something

that looks entirely different.

The mandatory primary was

overwhelmingly defeated in Rich-

mond, Martinez, Crockett, and

many other places, but over-

whelmingly carried in Antioch

and Pinole. Only for the over-

whelming vote for the primary at

Antioch and Pinole, the Anti-

Ring forces would have won over-

whelmingly and without any

fight left nothing to be settled by

the official returns. Many in

Richmond, not knowing what they

signed on petition to the supervi-

sors, thinking they had signed for

a Direct Primary Law, being dis-

counted and discouraged, re-

named away from the voting pro-

cesses in disgust at such misrep-

resentation. It is said that the

name of T. D. Johnston, judge of

the recorder's court at Richmond,

was forged to the petition, as the

judge declares that he never signed

the same. Many startling charges

are made against the "ancient

and most un-sublime" order,"

which has never been explained

to the satisfaction of the public

except by replies of enigma and

abuse. The parties to public en-

igma do not confine themselves

to the issues but dash off at a tan-

gent, using language, abuse,

calumny, and other seaport

methods to try to attract the

public eye to something else. The

"ring" stands in an unenviable

light before the esteem of the hon-

est and fearless voter. Hon.

Francis J. Heney speaks on sev-

eral occasions in Contra Costa

county, and his speeches, rather

worked against the cause of the

"ring," than assist them, and the

same may be said, though to a

lesser degree, Silver-tongued Or-

ator Davis, who defamed the De-

mocratic party as an "agglutinated

aggregation of heterogeneous dis-

content."

At the closing rally of the cam-

paign at Stege, of the "Stege

District Republican Club," the

executive committee of the club,

by sag resolutions, impressed de-

clarations of a ban on important

discussions of questions on the

official misconduct of holders of

public tenure in Contra Costa

county. These officials have

a burning desire to be re-

turned to office, while electors

opposed to "ring" domination

have a more burning desire to ex-

pel them by their suffrages. If

the Lincoln-Roosevelt League

outside of Contra Costa county,

try to lend their support to cor-

rupt methods of Contra Costa

county, without investigation,

and a hearing from the people

opposed to "bosses" and "boss-

domination it lays itself liable for

condemnation not only in Califor-

nia, but throughout the United States.

The victory of the mandatory

primary law in Contra Costa

county, if a slight majority there

should be for it, is not a real vic-

tory, in no sense of the word, but

it is a forerunner of ignominious

defeat of the court house ring or

elope next November and Judge

Wells, who has again become a

citizen of this county, although,

perhaps a good man, if not so

heterogeneously attached to the

court house clique may now "see

the handwriting on the wall."

Later—The total vote in Con-

tra Costa county for protected

primary was 1497, and against the

protected primary was 1385, mak-

ing a majority for protected

primary of 112. Total vote was

2882.

Unofficial Returns.

Following are the results of the

election:

Yes. No.

Richmond—Precinct 1. 163 112

Richmond—Precinct 2. 48 188

Richmond—Precinct 3. 23 43

San Pablo 46 64

Stege 64 36

Martinez 130 180

Concord 33 119

Total 1497 1385

Majority 112.

Totals of all votes—2882.

Richmond Theatre

A Grand Success.

The performance at the Rich-

mond Opera House this week is

without a doubt the best ever seen

there for the prices charged for

admission. The Louis brothers,

the Roman ring artists, given per-

formance of skill and strength

that people wonder how we can

put these high-class acts on the

bill. Then there are Odell and

Whiting, positively the best com-

edy of the comedies, who keep the

house in an uproar of laughter

from start to finish. Professor

Charles Chennoweth, the man who

makes the cornet talk, has them

in a crossing with his triple play-

ing. Miss Maudie Rockwell still re-

tains her popularity singing illustrated

songs. The moving pictures

well you will have to come and

see them for yourself. The run-

away horse is surely a runaway

RICHMOND AND SAN FRANCISCO

PARCEL DELIVERY

M. PATEK

THAT'S ALL

St. ELMO

Has changed hands and will be run in first-class, up-to-date style; modern housekeeping apartments, single and double rooms Mrs. Wm. Campbell, prop., Sixth and Macdonald Ave., Richmond, Cal.

Notice to the Public.

Mr. A. L. Siebert, formerly of Ineeda Laundry is no longer connected with us. All statements to the contrary are untrue. The blue wagon and red panels with two black horses is the wagon that runs for HOME INDUSTRY.

Ineeda L. Co.

Local News Notes

Small Talk About People and Things at Home.

Be safe. Insure in the Bankers Life—cheapest and best.

The TERMINAL ads will bring results to your business.

When you want job printing or advertising call or ring up the TERMINAL.

Watch for new ads. in the Terminal.

Richmond people like to go to the Casino.

A. L. Spelmeyer and John E. Bouquet are in the mountains hunting.

Mr. W. Conn has returned from a restful vacation in the Sierra foothills.

The baseball season is not now so interesting to some as pavilion amusements at the parks.

Go up on Nicholl Nob and see the elephant. It would be a change from the busy humdrum of busy city life in Richmond.

Town Talk.

The People's Water Company are busy putting in new tanks.

Richmond Volunteer Fire Company No. 3 gave a grand benefit ball tonight at Maple Hall.

The small boys had a good time with their firecrackers and they were careful too.

The work on Tenth street is progressing very rapidly towards completion.

There was a fire alarm Wednesday afternoon, but the heroic and valiant firemen soon had the flames extinguished.

The Terminal received an order for another big ad too late for this issue. We will have much to say about it in the future.

Richmond is an excellent place for a fish and oyster market. Two markets are better than one. There is talk of another big fish market for our city and it may be established within two months.

Dr. S. M. Martin, the noted evangelist, will conclude his labors at the tabernacle of the Christian Church Sunday night, after which he will go to Seattle before going to Los Angeles to fill a long engagement there. Dr. Martin has won much success here.

The Arcade theater on Macdonald avenue is drawing wonderful crowds every night and at the matinees. The programs are changed and the scenes shifted almost continuously. The plays are wonderfully interesting, ludicrous and funny. The people continue to go. Follow the crowd.

The Women's Improvement Club of Richmond are in correspondence with Andrew Carnegie concerning Richmond's proposed Carnegie Library, which is to be erected about one block northwest of the corner of Macdonald avenue and Sixth street. Come through, Andy.

It is not generally known that tickets to any far point can be sold by H. A. Stiver, the obliging agent of the Southern Pacific Company at Richmond. Persons going to the city to purchase do not always have the opportunity to say a last goodbye on the trip. If they start from Richmond, the train stops at Richmond to receive the departing one and their friends can see them comfortably seated on the train for the trip.

News Nuggets.

The Richmond Land Company secured some important change in grades in the vicinity of the Macdonald avenue Richmond Southern Pacific depot.

At a special election for \$10,000 bonds for school purposes Tuesday, the bonds carried. The polling place was on the west side this time.

Clarence Parker and family will soon go to San Diego for an outing and while there Mr. and Mrs. Parker will visit Mrs. Reed, their aged grandmother, who was the first white person born in Oregon.

Hon. H. H. Turley, city clerk, is a guest of Adams Springs, Lake county. He will camp and fish, stroll, loll and roll, walk, run, climb, stretch, relax, expand, sit, stand and many other restful stunts. He will not write.

J. Gibhart committed suicide at Bay View Park Sunday afternoon by hanging. His funeral took place from Hughes Brothers undertaking parlors. There were many floral offerings. The man was a plasterer and out of work.

Harry Richards, who was taken to San Francisco to be operated upon for appendicitis, is reported to be improving. The appendix was ruptured and its inflammatory contents escaped into the peritoneal cavity.

Works Fine.

The city daddies have purchased a fine new sprinkler and more streets are being sprinkled than ever before. More than four times the street length is being sprinkled on the east, for streets than on the west, for the streets are much longer. A bystander was actually surprised Tuesday morning when he saw Bissell avenue wet down for the first time since the sewer was laid. He said: "It rains on the just as well as the unjust." He did not know Blankenship was using the new sprinkler purchased by the city Board of Trustees.

Want Us at Hawaii

The Chamber of Commerce of Hawaiian Islands would like to see the Terminal editorial family at Honolulu at the next editorial excursion. This is the result of some of the hoisting of a neighbor. Friend W. Richardson of the Berkeley Gazette, the president of the California Press Association. The Chamber of Commerce of Hawaii promises the Terminal a grand reception if we go with ye other editors. They will have all the sharks sailed out of the waters so that Editor Peasecock of the Vallega Chronicle and our mutual friend Dunscombe of the Gazette can fish without being shark bitten, which would require more supplies of snake remedy under the tropical skies. This would certainly be a grand trip. The volens, will also be visited if the editors take the seaward trip.

Relatives Meet.

While in the Terminal office it was discovered that Dr. Martin was wedded to a Miss Barnes back in Ohio, and the Barnes' are the near and dear kindred of the mother of the editor of this paper. Milton Barnes, once Ohio's Secretary of State, was one of them. Dr. Martin also knew our brother, Dr. Le Roy D. Brown, once State Commissioner of Common Schools of Ohio, and was the choice of the late Grover Cleveland for U. S. Commissioner of Education, if a northern man had been selected; he also knew Judge H. Brown, Esq., who was Judge for many years in the Marietta district, and who was mentioned for Congress. Dr. Martin could hardly be wedded to any one in Belmont or Noble county, Ohio, and not be a relative close or distant to the Barnes', Browns', Martin's or Harrises, for the woods are full of 'em there. The meeting was most enjoyable.

Santa Fe to Improve

The Santa Fe Railway Company have out the blue prints for the proposed change of street through the Santa Fe land in lieu of the present street near the railroad tracks. It is rumored that the street and depot may be moved even farther towards First street as every block of Macdonald avenue cut off from the west end would save thousands of dollars for street paving. The new street will probably be called Payson avenue. The west side of the street south of Macdonald avenue

is planned for warehouses. Would it not be a joke if the Santa Fe erected a beautiful depot, mission style, in the square west of Nevins avenue, move the library and establish a beautiful park there?

May Get Something

There is considerable talk about paving Macdonald avenue with asphalt pavement. The contractors, whether by a mutual agreement or not is not known, but at any rate they failed to bid upon the work. The city is putting the matter to a bid again and should the contractors show the owl leather again by not bidding other measures may be taken.

Rather than having a thoroughly muddy street this approaching winter, why not go to the bottom of the list of paying material? Why not grade Macdonald avenue up and wet it down and roll it. Then put on all the teams in the city to hauling red rock on the avenue, or some other method that will suit the property owners. Raise all funds in a general way from those interested in the work. Put the rock on and disintegrate it, wet it down well and "berry" Kelley's heavy roller and roll and roll the rock until it is very firm and let the street go until the contractors are ready to bid. A street laid this way properly will last three years and then material may be cheaper and asphalt may be laid. Build sidewalks of plank to last three years and then give it another trial. Something ought to be done for our streets while getting ready for asphalt pavement and cement sidewalks. Our people should do something soon.

A Few Hunches.

Pie-eating contest at Richmond Theatre Tuesday night. Eat pie.

Miramar Chapter, O. E. S., gave a social dance on the west side.

The I. M. Perrins will play baseball at Lang Park tomorrow afternoon beginning at 2:30.

The Tilden & Eakle lumber firm have purchased the business of the Henley-Tyer combine.

An Old Fellows Lodge of good dimensions is organizing in A. O. U. W. hall, Macdonald avenue.

Sunday night is your last opportunity to hear Dr. S. M. Martin, the evangelist. Hear him.

The labor unions of Richmond will, on Labor Day, assist Crockett in celebrating the grandest in this county.

Acantha Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, gave a grand banquet at the initiation ceremonies on last night.

The Native Sons, Pipe Fitters, Steam Fitters and Gas Fitters, held notable banquets at Bank hall this week.

The Boyd Richmond City Hospital will soon be erected near the corner of Twenty-Third street and Macdonald avenue.

The Pythian Sisters' picnic at East Shore Park on the Fourth was a swell success and the Park has been engaged for next year.

The East Shore & Suburban will soon have electric service south on Twenty-Third street to East Shore Park, then watch the park boom.

At a mass meeting of the labor unions Thursday night in this city, it was decided to petition for the privilege of going on the official ballot.

A monster Choral Society is organizing for our city. All who can read music a little bit, will now be given an opportunity to vibrate the vocal cords. Join with the 500.

The steel for the sub-way is being fitted together in the Southern Pacific yards, Macdonald avenue, so our people see work going on towards the completion of the sub-way and do not know it.

The other day a citizen said: "When they ask for my street poll tax, I will say: 'You can take my head as a forfeit, but if you shed one drop of blood in removing my head, you must pay the forfeit.' You must pay a dollar additional for penalty now."

It is strange that if the Southern Pacific depot is 39 feet above

the sea level that the manholes of nearby streets should simulate chimney tops, with all the suggestions of chimney tops. It seems that it would be as rational to fill in around a manhole if it were on the summit of Mount Diablo.

The police of this city are after "Jack the Shooter." Some one carelessly or on purpose, fired through the domicile of Fred Luthi some time Tuesday. Another similar accident occurred south of town. What is the motive?

Let us hope that the protected primary may be as pure as the white, drifted snow; as clear as the crystal brook, as beautiful as the azure skies ("shortage investigation, remain at home," says some evil spirit. "Who threw that mud? It will blight fond hopes," says a voice from the gallery.

The Contra Costa Medical Society will meet at Martinez tomorrow, the second Sunday in the month. There will be taken up the questions of inspection of milk and other food products and there will be a lecture on advanced medical science.

LATER: The Society meets on Sunday, July 19.

A Serious Mishap.

Little Irene Carey, the bright and beautiful little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carey, who lives on Castro street, this city, is but five years old, yet last Sunday evening at about eight o'clock while engaged in a good jolly laugh, the little girl swallowed a gold bracelet and padlock. The parents have been alarmed ever since about the unfortunate mishap, but the little miss does not suffer so far from the unfortunate mishap. The parents are keeping close vigil on any serious symptoms that may arise in the future and if necessary, a surgical operation will be at once undertaken for its removal. "The affair has caused no little comment. The friends of the family hope and pray for the best and most happy results may ensue and that a surgical operation may never be necessary.

A Grand Event.

One of the most enjoyable evenings spent in Richmond for some time was spent in Bank building hall Thursday evening, when Onetah Cornett No. 96, of the Improved Order of Red Men, held an open installation of chief.

The services were conducted by District Deputy Nellie E. Creed of Mohawk Cornett, in an admirable manner, and the impressive obligations were listened to by a large attendance, and the seating capacity of the hall was taxed to its utmost.

Immediately after the installing Past Prophetess Mrs. Hattie LaSelle and Past Prophetess Mrs. H. J. Barber were called by the chair and in a few touching and appropriate remarks by Mrs. T. J. Shea she presented Mrs. LaSelle with a handsome pin, emblematic of the order for her faithful performance of her term as Prophetess.

To Mrs. Barber she presented a very pretty bouquet of carnations, being an emblem of purity for her chieftainship in the Poochontas chair.

The balance of the evening was delightfully spent listening to some talented vocalists, and the solos by Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Renville, Miss LaSelle and the chorus song accompanied by guitar by Mr. Barron were loudly applauded and each answered to several encore.

All then adjourned to the banquet room, where one of the supporters for which the ladies of the Poochontas are noted, was spread upon the tables, and the toasts and good will of all present were said and responded to in turn. Several out of town members of the order were present from Berkeley, San Francisco and San Jose, and left voting the whole evening one of enjoyment.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE

O. J. DAHL
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

ATCHISON P. O. 126 OHIO STREET
RICHMOND

C. H. BATES

—PRACTICAL PLUMBER—
Estimates furnished free
A full line of Plumbing Supplies

2nd St. bet. Macdonald and Nevins Ave.

Notice to Bidders.

IN THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF CONTRA COSTA COUNTY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED bids in response to the construction of a bridge across Rodero Creek in Rodero Valley near former residence of Annie Torney, in the County of Contra Costa, will be received at the office of the Clerk of this Board at the Court House at Martinez, County of Contra Costa, up to

MONDAY, JULY 27, 1908

at 10 o'clock A. M.

All bids or proposals must be accompanied by a cash deposit or certified check in a sum not less than five per cent of the amount bid, said deposit or check to be held to the County of Contra Costa if the successful bidder does not within five days after receiving notice that the contract has been awarded to him, enter into a contract with the County of Contra Costa, and give good and sufficient bond in such sum as the Board of Supervisors may deem adequate, conditioned for the faithful performance of said contract, said contract and bond to be executed to the satisfaction of and subject to the acceptance of the Board of Supervisors of Contra Costa County.

Said bridge to be completed within twenty days of the date of award of contract and to be paid for by warrants drawn on the Treasurer of the County of Contra Costa payable out of the funds of Road District No. 1, Supervisor District No. 1, upon the presentation of duly verified claims therefor.

Said bridge to be constructed in accordance with plans and specifications thereon on file in the office of the county clerk, copies of which may be seen at the office of Public Times, Monday and at the office of Richmond Terminal, Richmond.

That the Board of Supervisors of said County reserves the right to reject any and all bids as the public good may require. The contract to be let to the low bid and best bidder.

In order of the Board of Supervisors of Contra Costa County.

Dated July 5, 1908.

J. E. RODGERS,
Clerk of said board.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. L. BEDWELL
Dentist
PHYSICIANS' BUILDING
Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.
Phone Main 1001

DR. J. HENRY DECKER

DENTIST

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
CORNER DR. ARBUTHNOT'S PLACE
MARKET STREET
POINT RICHMOND

L. A. MARTIN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

216 Macdonald Ave., Annette Bldg.

Office hours: 10 to 12 A. M.; 3 to 5 P. M.

Office Phone Black 84. Residence telephone: Suburban 14 San Pablo.

DR. M. S. MITCHELL

RESIDENT DENTIST

A Macdonald Avenue, Gordon Building

Office hours: 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

Evenings and Sundays by appointment.

DR. G. T. POOLE

DENTIST

OFFICE, BANK BUILDING

Macdonald Avenue, Richmond, Cal.

Office hours: 9 to 5

Evenings and Sundays by appointment

All anæsthetics used for painless extraction

W. D. GRADY

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

222 Richmond Avenue

Point Richmond, California

Paul Glaser

Contractor & Builder

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED

Phone Black 154. P. O. Box 29

Atchison, Cal.

E. N. A. KRATZER & CO.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

1012 Macdonald Avenue

RICHMOND, CAL.

H. L. Penry

CONTRACTOR

Brick, Cement and Concrete

RICHMOND, CAL.

A. H. ABBOTT

Contractor and Builder

Plans and estimates furnished

1218 Ninth St., Richmond, Cal.

LEVI BOSWELL

Contractor

Plans and estimates furnished

Atchison P. O. (Richmond) Phone 983

J. C. Thornton

Contractor and Builder

Estimates given on all kinds of work

RES. 1328 THIRD ST., RICHMOND

Ferguson's Drug Store

Drugs, Stationery, Toilet Articles
Patent Medicines, Cigars, Sundrys
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY FILLED

Lowney's Candies
Just the thing

Phones Black 1413 and 453 718 Macdonald Ave., Bank Building

TILDEN and EAKLE

DEALERS IN

LUMBER

AND ITS PRODUCTS

PLANING MILL IN CONNECTION.

Telephone Black 811. Yards Near Santa Fe Shops

THE CALIFORNIA MARKET

M. Plehn & J. McMullen, Prop's.

The California Market is where you get Quality Good and Price. No order to big or small. Ring us up and Your will be promptly delivered.

PHONE 3411

Corner Tenth Street and Macdonald Avenue, Richmond, Cal.

Contra Costa Poultry, Eggs

and Produce Market

E. PAZZI, Manager

Just received a fine lot of young chickens

Fresh ranch eggs always on hand

Phone 2301

Standard Drug Co.

[Successor to Point Drug Co.]

E. F. Martin, Manager

Pharmist and Chemist

Full line of TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

Full Line of Toilet Articles, Drug Sundries, Simple Remedies

Phone Black 1981 176 Washington Ave. Pt. Richmond, Cal.

4 Per Cent

On Savings Deposits

The Mechanics Bank

ESTATE OF

P. FOJADA

RICHMOND WINERY

Wines at Very Low Prices

Best Brands of Liquors

Wines Absolutely Pure

Produced in St. Helena

Near electric cars Phone 531 Eighth St. and Chancery Ave., Richmond, Cal.

H. B. KINNEY, MANAGER

PHONE 1400 and 1152

The Kinney Construction Co.

CONTRACTORS FOR

Sewers, Cement Sidewalks,

Street Pavements

335 MACDONALD AVENUE

P. O. Box 293, RICHMOND

Richmond Bakery

JOHN MATSON, PROP'R.

Bread, Pies, Cakes

Washington Ave. and Park Place, Phone Black 1013

Macdonald Ave. and Sixth Street

RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA.

WHEN YOU NEED NEW SOLES SEE

GUS POULOS

SHOE REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Shop 616 Macdonald Avenue, Richmond, Cal.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



GASENE

**Saves Clothes
Saves Labor
Saves Money**

With the keeping of sheep the land does not deteriorate, but its fertility is instantly increased.

You can get a Splendid Premium for 100 Coupon values or less, represented by Carton Tops and Soap Wrappers from "20 Mule Team Brand" products. Free Catalogue showing 1000 presents FREE of Pacific Coast Soap Co., Oakland, Cal. Local Agents Wanted. Write for Money Making Plan.

Study how to have a healthy bed and a sweet sleep.

Hitchcock Military Academy
Accredited to Universities. Large campus, gymnasium, etc. Private rooms for each cadet. For catalogue apply to Principal. SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA.

Libby's Food Products

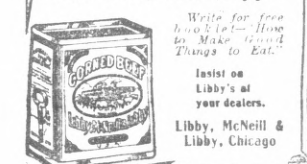
Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

There's a big difference between just corned beef—the kind sold in bulk—and Libby's Cooked Corned Beef. The difference is in the taste, quality of meat and natural flavor.

Every fiber of the meat of Libby's Cooked Corned Beef is evenly and mildly cured, cooked scientifically and carefully packed in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

It forms an appetizing dish, rich in food value and makes a summer meal that satisfies.

For Quick Serving:—Libby's Cooked Corned Beef, cut into thin slices. Arrange on a platter and garnish with Libby's Chow Chow. A tempting dish for luncheon, dinner, supper.



YOSEMITE VALLEY

IS NOW REACHED BY RAIL VIA MERCED
Daily train; observation, parlor car service. A quick, comfortable trip at popular prices. An exhilarating and the grandest of Yosemite. For through tickets or descriptive folder see SOUTHERN PACIFIC or SANTA FE or address O. W. LEMMER, Traffic Manager, P. O. Box 100, Merced, Cal.

Why does dense ignorance claim the right to judge wisdom?

GENUINE NAVAJO BLANKETS
Direct from Navajo Reservation. New stock just arrived. Prices from \$2.50 up. Fine large size, \$3.50. Lasts lifetime. Easy payments if desired. Navajo Blanket Agency, 439 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, S. F. N. U. No. 28, 1908

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and annoying house-in-dining room, sleeping room, and all places where flies are troublesome. Cleans and kills all flies, not only on the fly, but on anything they touch and you will never be without them. First copy free, send postpaid for 25c. Harold Somerville, 40 Dekalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Telephone girls get "left-eared." A squirrel can bite deeper than a dog. The painting of the Forth bridge costs \$10,000. The rabbit's range of vision takes in the entire horizon. Pure iron in the presence of pure oxygen does not rust. The sperm whale can stay under water for 20 minutes. The average woman carries 50 miles of hair on her head. The wife in Abyssinia always owns the house and contents. A man's hair turns gray about five years earlier than a woman's.

New York City has ready for duty, in the State militia, 10,367 men. The average length of life of the recliner is a little over 61 years. In proportion to its size, a beetle is stronger than one hundred horses. The orange trees in Spain produce about 20,000 oranges during its life. Whales have been found which scientists say are about 400 years old. Living expenses in New York have been increased by 11 per cent in one year.

In Nuremberg there are 1,500 houses which were built in the sixteenth century. The fish canines of Alaska are being sent over the world in quantities as enormous. One-fifth of the world's surface is uninhabitable by the white man because of the presence of malaria. Rabbits are used as bait by the crocodile hunters of Ceylon. The infants are always sufficiently protected.

The land area of the United States is 3,600,047,200 acres. The area of Great Britain and Ireland is 77,071,319. London has purchased Hainault Forest for a new park. In 1857 about 100,000 trees were felled here, but there is a new growth of 20,000.

Of every 1,000 females over fifteen years old, 497 are unmarried in Ireland, 335 in England, and only forty-five in India, where child marriages are still in vogue.

Costing five million dollars, the new Thames tunnel for horse-drawn traffic and pedestrians between Stomper and Rotherhithe will in all probability be ready for use shortly.

The gradual exhaustion of the lumber supply in the territory contiguous to the Great Lakes is seen from the fact that the lake shipments of this article have decreased about 42 per cent since 1901.

Lake commerce during the 1907 season reached the unprecedented total of \$3,387,919, net tons, almost 10 per cent larger than the corresponding 1906 total and about 20 per cent in excess of the 1905.

A screen for electrocuting flies is easily made and offers a source of much amusement. A device of this description was made by a Chicago man and was found to work admirably. The screen was made with the wires running in one direction connected to one terminal of a small dynamo and the cross wires connected to the other terminal. The two sets of wires were insulated from each other. As soon as the legs of the fly come in contact with the wires of the screen the insect stops out and dies instantly and painlessly.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

Rather suffer than do wrong.—Greek.
Idleness covers a man with rags.—German.
He that would thrive must first ask his wife.—Danish.
If you wish to be loved make your self scarce.—French.
Little men triumph over the errors of great ones.—Latin.
Seldom is a smooth tongue without a sting behind.—Irish.
Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.
He who does not when he can, can not when he will.—French.
If we go wrong the father we go to.—Latin.
Learn to keep the song going in your life, no matter what happens.—A. R. Bryant.
Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon her knees.—Cowper.
Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness.—Luke, xi, 35.

SPLINTERS.

It is better to wait until the bridge is finished than to try to swim across. It is human nature to play to the grandstand and forget the people in the bleachers. The pitcher that goes often to the well is bound to be broken, but the beer growler keeps on forever. First Lady—Kindness, you know, will subdue the fiercest beast. Second Lady—I guess you are not married, are you? Wine Agent—Do you really think that one drink a day hurts a man? Local Optimist—Not if he sticks to water. And Friend—Did the girl's father see you up when you called? Ardent Lover—Yes, he took my measure with a foot rule. Often the Case. "You can pretty safely bet," began the man who thought he knew, "that any woman who doesn't gush over a pretty baby is a confirmed old maid." "Not always," replied the real wiseacre; "she may be a mother who has a baby she thinks is prettier."—Philadelphia Press.

Leap Year.

"If you'll be mine," the maiden said, "I'll go and ask your mother." "Excuse me," the young man replied, "but I can only be your brother."

MRS. FRANK STROEBE



A Remarkable Recovery.
Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R. F. D. 1, Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look like a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength."

"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

In No Danger.
As the philanthropist tourist pursued his course he saw many things which he felt needed sympathetic attention. One day he stopped to gaze at a bare-headed man, who was turning a wheel which clumsily hoisted a bucket filled with sand.

"My friend," said the philanthropist, as the man paused to mop his forehead, "why do you not cover your head? This hot sun is likely to affect the brain."

"Brain is all right," said the man, starting at him. "I've think if I had my brain I'd be here listening to this bucket."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet, it cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Olinette, Le Roy, N. Y.

You should not rear children if you do not know the meaning of mind growth. Ask some educator what it means. Study the life of the Great Humboldt and you will see the force of mind growth.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give you Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Those only are great who live for others. Selfish people die unlamented.

HOPELESS PROSPECT.

Washington Not a Promising Place for Matrimonially Inclined. For women, our national capital presents the most hopeless matrimonial prospect in the world. It ought to be a paradise for eligible bachelors from the West, especially hunting men and cattle men in search of wives who could gracefully spend their newly made money. The matrimonial woman, an clerk is a most interesting study, psychologically and matrimonially. She is generally the support of one parent, often of two, while a few sisters and brothers thrown in are not considered too liberal measure. She receives from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per year and hangs over the desk. "All hope abandon ye who enter here." A matrimonial position is generally a grave of romance and matrimonial hopes. You have only to watch the matrons streaming out from the various offices at 4:30 p. m. to realize this. More blasé men may be seen in 15 minutes pouring forth from certain government buildings in Washington than one could pass in a day's lounging along New York's Rialto, which is saying so. They of the government offices are worse than blase. They are ambitious and sad. They see nothing in life beyond more years of the same salary on which they could not support a wife without self-denial. They prefer blase and blase.

The Seasoned Old Verger.

The verger was looking over his church when he met the verger. That morning they had sung the Benediction. The verger said: "This morning I followed the Benediction closer than usual, and they mentioned all things but the verger."

A Clutch.

"And how can you be sure of going to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "I guess," said little Tommy Wise, "the best way would be to get pa to say we couldn't. Then ma would take us there or lose it. That's how we got to the seashore last summer."—Philadelphia Press.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following a shock of nerves. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did, and my hair is now as thick and beautiful as ever."—Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by SARGENT & WELLS, CHERRY STREET, Lowell, Mass.

CURING A TOOTHACHE

Remedy of a New Mexico Cowboy that Proved Very Effective.
One of the cleverest old customers we ever knew was Judge Booth, who lived on the Bell ranch along the Red river in the northeastern part of New Mexico, says the Denver Field and Farm. One morning out on the range the judge rolled out of his blankets with a jumping toothache, and although he exhausted all the remedies in camp, nothing had any effect.

It was forty miles to the nearest town, with the chances against finding a dentist there, and it was finally decided to appeal to one of the Texas cowboys riding herd five miles away. He came over in response to the message, and after taking a look at the tooth, which was a double one on the lower jaw, he said:

"Shoot it out!" shouted the judge at the top of his voice. "Why, man, you must be crazy!"

"Wall, then, mabe, I kin pick in 'nuff powder to blow it out." "Blow it out?" "Never!" "Might possibly hammer it out with a piece of iron," mused the cowboy. "And you might go to Patagonia and be sold!" exclaimed the indignant sufferer.

"Yes, that's generally the way with folks. I'm only telling you how we do it out here, but if you don't want the tooth out, of course you'll have to stand the pain."

The cowboy started back to the day herd, but after a gallop of half a mile he returned to look on the other horse and said: "The judge seems to be a pretty smart sort of man, though a little touchy, and I'm sorry for him."

"Kin he sit on a horse?" "Some of the time." "Kin he shoot?" "Only now and then." "Then I think I can cure that toothache!" He spent five minutes unfolding the plot and then went over to the sufferer and said: "Judge, I've come back to say that you are a body and a coward!" "What?" yelled the judge as he sprang up from his seat before the cowboy. "A coward and a coward and a coward, judge, and likewise a damned old liar!"

The judge jumped for him, but the cowboy ran for his horse. There was another near at hand with two guns in the holsters of the saddle, and the judge sprang aboard and gave chase. Half a mile out the prairie the two men began to shoot at each other, and it was not until the judge had fired his revolver that the kindhearted cowboy rode away and left his enemy to ride into camp and declare: "Well, by thunder, if that infernal toothache hasn't stopped so dead still that I feel just like singing!"

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A War on Billboards.

City Trustee Carragher, of Sacramento, Cal., is making a fight against billboards, says the Municipal Journal and Engineer. The matter of the excessive size of these boards was called to his attention by a citizen who, after erecting a little cottage on a forty-foot front, found himself hedged in on both sides by billboards eighteen feet high and extending along the street 100 feet each way. Under the city ordinance there seemed to be nothing he could do, and therefore Trustee Carragher thinks the law should be changed so as to limit the size of billboards.

A matchmaker is the most popular person in the world with two people: the day after they become engaged. But the feeling they entertain for her grows colder after they are married, and when they have been married as long as five years, each one secretly feels that he, or she, would like to set fire to the matchmaker's barn.

After a woman passes 50, she doesn't care so much about things being pretty in her house, so long as they are "handy."

So many fool things are being accepted lately, that ghosts are having another inning.

UNFAMILIAR FACTS.

Manchuria already receives 1,000 cable messages a day from Japan. The doubling of the cables is probable. Belgium is importing about \$1,500,000 worth of automobiles, motor cycles and bicycles. These imports have quadrupled in four years. The eight-mile carriage road to the summit of Mount Washington being for sale, it is proposed to form a company to purchase it and run an automobile stage line over it for the accommodation of tourists.

Another beach course for automobile racing has been discovered—this time at Duluth, Minn. The new course extends seven miles along the lake front, is from 50 to 60 feet wide, "as level as a billiard table, and almost as hard."

At a meeting of the Russian Navy League it was admitted that the restoration of the battleship fleet would cost \$750,000,000, with an annual outlay of \$125,000,000. The expediency of constructing a submarine fleet was urged instead.

A cane has been presented to the governor of Virginia that is a souvenir of two battlefields. The cane is of hickory and was cut from the famous field of Chancellorsville, and the handle is a deer foot, the animal being killed in the Wilderness.

A good way to send a few choice cut flowers to a distance is to cut slits in potatoes and insert the flower stems, taking care that they are firmly fastened in. An ordinary potato will keep most flowers fresh for two weeks in a moderate temperature.

A London letter says that large shipments of Jersey and Guernsey cattle are being made to the United States. Competition among buyers has been keen, calves bringing \$250, cows over \$300, and one bull \$500, bought by a certain Robert of Philadelphia.

It is claimed that the denuding of watersheds in Korea, as well as in China, has resulted in serious injury to the country. In both these countries disastrous floods occur, and in the construction of railways it has been found from experience that exceptionally large bridge openings must be provided in order to prevent washouts.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

There is one thing a man won't loan his automobile. Whenever you go, there is the same danger over a dollar.

There is always someone to start applause for a poor show.

A girl never smiles as sweetly on her brother as she does on the other boys.

People object to being called "machines," still, machines do pretty good work.

There are only three grades of people in the world. Few of them belong to the first grade.

Somewhat, a man always wishes he were better looking when he is to meet a crowd of strangers.

"He is a great fellow to talk," said a man today. "Still," replied another man, "he uses good language."

What has become of the old fashioned novel that began with a solitary horseman appearing on a hill?

To be always praising a man has the effect of having those who would be his friends, be his critics instead.

Country people have an idea that there is a town way of making money that they know nothing about.

When a man looks for someone to understand him, he means someone who will say his faults are virtues.

Every man's comfort for doing poorly is in exaggerating the obstacles that prevented him from doing well.

Some men are naturally mobile, some, and do not know it. Look your self over, do you still sit, and make yourself unnecessary changes?

If you are in an uncomfortable place, get out. This sounds like simple advice, but the wisest man in the world could not give any better. It is the only thing to do, your friends can't help you.

INTERESTING BITS.

Germany's consular service consists of 126 professional consuls and 621 merchant consuls.

Buenos Aires has a population of 1,200,000, of which about 80 per cent is foreign, the Italians forming about 20 per cent of the foreign population.

The United States has more newspapers than any other country. Every week day there are 10,000,000 copies issued, and on Sunday the number is 11,500,000 copies.

The Iowa State Board of Health has created consternation by declaring that exposure of the arms, demanded by the short-sleeved fashion, causes a fuzz to grow on the skin.

Reputation and Character.

Lawyer (examining jury)—Do you understand the difference between character and reputation? Juror—Reputation is the name your neighbors give you; character is the one they take from you.—Judge.

Wifely Cheer.

"I haven't a pull with any one," said the unsuccessful man.

"Oh, yes, you have, dear," said his wife encouragingly, "with the fool killer."—Life.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA?
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 28 N. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Uncle Sam Wants Flying Machines.

The United States government is advertising for bids for heavier-than-air flying machines. Acceptable machines must be able to carry two persons of a combined weight of 350 pounds besides fuel sufficient for a continuous flight of 125 miles. The must also be able to make at least 40 miles an hour. They must be able to start from any open field and land in like surroundings without damage.

The Idea?
"The funniest thing happened last night," confessed the dairy college girl, all red with dairy blushes. "What was it, dear?" asked her chum, eagerly.

"Why—why, I was just going to pronounce the word 'kiss'."

"And did you?" "No—er—Harry took the word right out of my mouth."

Latent Charities.
"I don't like to take the sense of the people about this charity policy," said the professional philanthropist.

"I don't see the contribution was taken in the best of good faith in anything else," said another philanthropist.

Greatly Underestimated.

"Bobby," asked his Sunday school teacher, "do you know how many disciples there were?" The little boy promptly said he did, and answered, "Twelve." Then he went on, "And I know how many Pharisees there were, too."

"Indeed?" "Yes'm. There was just one less than there was disciples."

"Why, how do you know that? It is nowhere stated how many Pharisees there were?" "I thought everybody knew it," said Bobby. The Bible says, "Beware of the 'leaven of the Pharisees,' doesn't it?"

The Mean Man Again.

"Come on, son," said the old farmer after the day's work, "and we'll get out in the fields and start plowing."

"But I can't plow to-day," protested the youngster. "I have chills. Why, dad, I am shaking all over."

The old farmer grinned. "All the better, my son. If you can't plow you can scatter the seed. All you have to do is to hold them in your hand and every time you shake it will send them in all directions."

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Science and Sound Fact.

"The workings of the human mind when asleep are full of wonder," remarked a scientist who was paying a visit to an acquaintance. "Have you ever started up from a sound dreamless sleep, with every sense on the alert and with your whole being feeling that something was wrong and in need of action?"

"Often," replied his hostess, "and in nearly every case I have found that I was awakened by the finding of my husband's key at the front door."

Hard to Do Without Pockets.

"The most annoying thing in navy life for a recruit is the absence of side pockets in the uniform trousers," J. R. Ross, a yeoman at the navy building, said this morning.

"The average man doesn't realize how strong is the custom of thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets until he dons a pair without pockets. I've worn the navy uniform four years now, and I frequently find myself trying to put my hands in my pockets."—Kansas City Times.

The Necessary Shock.

A college professor had been seriously ill of a fever for several weeks, but the fever had left him at last, and he lay in a stupor, utterly exhausted.

"This is the really critical period," the attending physician said to the watchers, "and the uniform of the watchers, if he has sufficient vitality to carry him through this, and I am strongly disposed to hope he has, he will recover. At present there is nothing we can do but be patient and give nature a chance, watching in the meantime for an opportunity to awaken his interest in what is going on about him."

One of the attendants, who happened to be standing near the window looking at the rosy sunset, remarked to the doctor:

"See what a bright sky